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HIGH LIFE

BELOW STAIRS.

A
F A R C E

O F

T W O A C T S.

As it is Performed at the

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

O imitatores, Servum pecus! HOR.

The NINTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. CARNAN and F. NEWBERY, Jun. at
Number 65, in St. Paul's Church Yard.

MDCCLXXV.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

Dramatis Personæ.

LOVEL, <i>a young West-Indian</i>	}	Mr. OBRIEN.
<i>of fortune,</i>		
FREEMAN, <i>his Friend,</i>		Mr. PACKER.
PHILIP,	} <i>Servants to</i>	Mr. YATES.
TOM,		Mr. MOZEEN.
COACHMAN,		Mr. CLOUGH.
KINGSTON, <i>a</i>		Mr. MOODY.
<i>Black,</i>		
KITTY,		Mrs. CLIVE.
COOK,		Mrs. BRADSHAW.
CLOE, <i>a Black,</i>		Mrs. SMITH.
DUKE'S Ser-		Mr. PALMER.
<i>vant,</i>		
Sir HARRY'S	} <i>Visitors.</i>	Mr. KING.
<i>Servant,</i>		
Lady BAB'S		Miss HIPPESELEY.
<i>Maid,</i>		
Lady CHAR-		Mrs. BENNET.
LOTTE'S		
<i>Maid,</i>		
ROBERT, <i>Servant to Freeman,</i>		Mr. ACMAN.
FIDLER,		Mr. ATKINS.

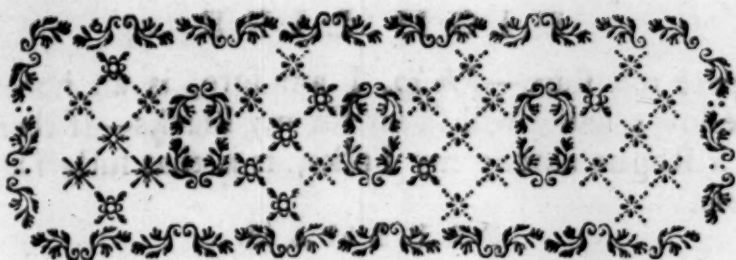
S C E N E, *London.*



ADVERTISEMENT.

IT was a real Desire to do Good amongst a very large and useful Body of People, that gave Rise to this little Piece. The Author thought the Stage, where the Bad might be disgrac'd, and the Good rewarded, the most ready and effectual Method for this Purpose: And, as he never wrote before in the Dramatic Way, and was unwilling to be known, he was happy in recommending the Performance, by the Assistance of a Friend, to the Care and Judgment of Mr. GARRICK.

Nov. 5, 1759.



HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.



A C T I.

SCÈNE, *An Apartment in Freeman's House.*

FREEMAN and LOVEL, *entering.*

FREEMAN.

 Country Boy! ha, ha, ha. How long
has this Scheme been in your Head?

LOVEL.

 Some Time—I am now convinc'd of
what you have often been hinting to me, that I
am confoundedly cheated by my Servants.

FREEMAN.

Oh! are you satisfied at last, Mr. *Lovel*? I al-
ways told you, that there is not a worse Set of Ser-
vants in the Parish of *St. James's*, than in your
Kitchen.

LOVEL.

'Tis with some Difficulty I believe it now, Mr.
Freeman; tho', I must own, my Expences often

A 2

make

make me stare—*Philip*, I am sure, is an honest Fellow; and I will swear for my Blacks—If there is a Rogue among my Folks, it is that surly Dog *Tom*.

FREEMAN.

You are mistaken in every one. *Philip* is an hypocritical Rascal; *Tom* has a good deal of surly Honesty about him: and for your Blacks, they are as bad as your Whites.

LOVELL.

Prithee, *Freeman*, how came you to be so well acquainted with my People? None of the Wenches are handsome enough to move the Affections of a middle-aged Gentleman, as you are. Ha, ha, ha.

FREEMAN.

You are a young Man, Mr. *Lovell*, and take a Pride in a Number of idle unnecessary Servants, who are the Plague and Reproach of this Kingdom.

LOVELL.

Charles, you are an old-fashioned Fellow. Servants a Plague and Reproach! ha, ha, ha. I would have forty more, if my House would hold them. Why, Man, in *Jamaica*, before I was ten Years old, I had a hundred Blacks kissing my Feet every Day.

FREEMAN.

You Gentry of the Western Isles are high-mettled Ones, and love Pomp and Parade—I have seen it delight your Soul, when the People in the Street have stared at your Equipage; especially if they whispered loud enough to be heard. “That is “Squire *Lovell*, the great *West-Indian*.” Ha, ha, ha.

LOVELL.

I should be very sorry if we were as splenetic as you Northern Islanders, who are devoured with Melancholy and Fog. Ha, ha, ha! No, Sir, we
are

B E L O W S T A I R S 5

are Children of the Sun, and are born to diffuse the bounteous Favour which our noble Parent is pleased to bestow on us.

F R E E M A N.

I wish you had more of your noble Parent's Regularity, and less of his Fire. As it is, you consume so fast, that not one in twenty of you live to be fifty Years old.

L O V E L.

But in that fifty we live two hundred, my Dear; mark that—But to Business—I am resolved upon my Frolick—I will know whether my Servants are Rogues or not. If they are, I'll bastinado the Rascals; if not, I think I ought to pay for my Impertinence.—Pray tell me; is not your *Robert* acquainted with my People? Perhaps he may give a little Light into the Thing.

F R E E M A N.

To tell you the Truth, Mr. *Lovell*, your Servants are so abandoned, that I have forbid him your House—However, if you have a Mind to ask him any Question, he shall be forthcoming.

L O V E L.

Let us have him.

F R E E M A N.

You shall; but it is an hundred to one if you get any thing out of him; for, though he is a very honest Fellow, yet he is so much of a Servant, that he'll never tell any thing to the Disadvantage of another—Who waits? [*Enter Servant.*] Send *Robert* to me—[*Exit Servant.*] And what was it determin'd you upon this Project at last?

L O V E L.

This Letter. It is an anonymous one, and so ought not to be regarded; but it has something honest in it, and put me upon satisfying my Curiosity.—Read it.

[*Gives the Letter.*]

F R E E M A N.

F R E E M A N.

I should know something of this Hand—[*Reads.*“ To Peregrine Lovel, *Esq;*

“ Please your Honour,

“ I take the Liberty to acquaint your Honour,
“ that you are sadly cheated by your Servants.—

“ Your Honour will find it as I say—I am not

“ willing to be known, whereof, if I am, it may

“ bring one into Trouble.

“ So no more, from your Honour’s

“ Servant to command.”

—Odd and honest! Well—and now what are the
Steps you intend to take?—[*Returns the Letter.*

L O V E L.

I shall immediately apply to my Friend the Ma-
nager for a Disguise—Under the form of a gawky
Country Boy, I will be an Eye-witness of my
Servants Behaviour—You must assist me, Mr.
Freeman.

F R E E M A N.

As how? Mr. *Lovel.*

L O V E L.

My Plan is this—I gave it out, that I was
going to my Borough in *Devonshire*, and Yesterday
set out with my Servant in great Form, and lay at
Basingstoke.—

F R E E M A N.

Well?

L O V E L.

I ordered the Fellow to make the best of his Way
down into the Country, and told him that I would
follow him; instead of that, I turn’d back, and am
just come to Town: *Ecce Signum!*—[*Points to*
his boots.

F R E E M A N.

It is now One o’Clock.

L O V E L.

This very Afternoon I shall pay my People a
Visit.

F R E E M A N.

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FREEMAN.

How will you get in?

LOVEL.

When I am properly habited, you shall get me introduc'd to *Philip* as one of your Tenants Sons, who wants to be made a good Servant of.

FREEMAN.

They will certainly discover you.

LOVEL.

Never fear; I'll be so countrified, that you shall not know me.—As they are thoroughly persuaded I am many Miles off, they'll be more easily imposed on. Ten to one but they begin to celebrate my Departure with a drinking Bout, if they are what you describe them.—

FREEMAN.

Shall you be able to play your Part?

LOVEL.

I am surprized, Mr. *Freeman*, that you, who have known me from my Infancy, should not remember my Abilities in that Way. But you old Fellows have short Memories,

FREEMAN.

What should I remember?

LOVEL.

How I play'd *Daniel*, in the *Conscious Lovers* at School, and afterwards arriv'd at the distinguish'd Character of the mighty Mr. *Scrub*——

[*Mimicking.*]

FREEMAN.

Ha, ha, ha? That is very well—Enough.—
Here is *Robert*.

Enter Robert.

Your Honour ordered me to wait on you.

FREEMAN.

I did, *Robert*——*Robert*——

ROBERT.

ROBERT.

Sir——

FREEMAN.

Come here—You know, *Robert*, I have a good Opinion of your Integrity.—

ROBERT.

I have always endeavoured that your Honour should.

FREEMAN.

Pray, have not you some Acquaintance among Mr. *Love's* People?

ROBERT.

A little, please your Honour.

FREEMAN.

How do they behave?—We have nobody but Friends—You may speak out.

LOVEL.

Ay, *Robert*, speak out.

ROBERT.

I hope your Honours will not insist on my saying any thing in an Affair of this Kind.

LOVEL.

Oh, but we do insist—If you know any thing.—

ROBERT.

Sir, I am but a Servant myself, and it would not become me to speak ill of a Brother Servant.

FREEMAN.

Psha! This is false Honesty—speak out.

ROBERT.

Don't oblige me, good Sir.—Consider, Sir, a Servant's Bread depends upon his *Carackter*.

LOVEL.

But if a Servant uses me ill——

ROBERT.

Alas! Sir, what is one Man's Poison is another Man's Meat.

FREEMAN.

B E L O W S T A I R S. 9

F R E E M A N.

You see how they trim for one another.

R O B E R T.

Service, Sir, is no Inheritance.—A Servant that is not approv'd in one Place, may give Satisfaction in another. Every Body must live, your Honour.

L O V E L.

Robert, I like your Heartiness, as well as your Caution; but in my Case, it is necessary that I should know the Truth.

R O B E R T.

The Truth, Sir, is not to be spoken at all Times; it may bring one into Trouble, whereof if——

F R E E M A N. (*Musing.*)

“Whereof if”—Pray, Mr. *Lovel*, let me see that Letter again [*Lovel gives the Letter.*].—Aye—It must be so—*Robert*?

R O B E R T.

Sir.

F R E E M A N.

Do you know any thing of this Letter?

R O B E R T.

Letter, your Honour?

F R E E M A N.

Yes, Letter?

R O B E R T.

I have seen the Hand before.

L O V E L.

He blushes!

F R E E M A N.

I ask you, If you were concern'd in writing this Letter?—You never told me a Lye yet, and I expect the Truth from you now.

R O B E R T.

Pray, your Honour, don't ask me.

F R E E M A N.

Did you write it?—Answer me?——

B

R O B E R T.

ROBERT.

I cannot deny it.

[*Bowing.*]

LOVEL.

What induc'd you to it?

ROBERT.

I will tell Truth.—I have seen such Waste and Extravagance, and Riot and Drunkenness, in your Kitchen, Sir, that, as my Master's Friend, I could not help discovering it to you.

LOVEL.

Go on.

ROBERT.

I am sorry to say it to your Honour; but your Honour is not only imposed on, but laugh'd at by all your Servants; especially by *Philip*, who is a —very bad Man.

LOVEL.

Philip? An ungrateful Dog!—Well?

ROBERT.

I could not presume to speak to your Honour; and therefore I resolv'd, though but a poor Scribe, to write your Honour a Letter.

LOVEL.

Robert, I am greatly indebted to you.—Here—
[*Offers Money.*]

ROBERT.

On any other Account than this, I should be proud to receive your Honour's Bounty; but now I beg to be excus'd—— [*Refuses the Money.*]

LOVEL.

Thou hast a noble Heart, *Robert*, and I'll not forget you.—*Freeman*, he must be in the Secret—Wait your Master's Orders.—

ROBERT.

I will, your Honour.

[*Exit.*]

FREEMAN.

Well, Sir, are you convinc'd now?

LOVEL.

L O V E L.

Convinc'd? Yes; and I'll be among the Scoundrels before Night—You or *Robert* must contrive some Way or other to get me introduc'd to *Philip*, as one of your Cottager's Boys out of *Essex*.

F R E E M A N.

Ha, ha, ha! you'll make a fine Figure.

L O V E L.

They shall make a fine Figure.—It must be done this Afternoon; walk with me across the *Park*, and I'll tell you the Whole—My Name shall be *Jemmy*—And I am come to be a Gentleman's Servant—and will do my best, and hope to get a good *Carackter*. [Mimicking.

F R E E M A N.

But what will you do if you find them Rascals?

L O V E L.

Discover myself, and blow them all to the Devil.
—Come along—

F R E E M A N.

Ha, ha, ha! —Bravo—*Jemmy*—Bravo,
ha, ha! [Exeunt.

S C E N E, *The Park*.

D U K E ' s S e r v a n t .

What Wretches are ordinary Servants that go on in the same vulgar Track every Day! Eating, working, and sleeping!—But we, who have the Honour to serve the Nobility, are of another Species. We are above the common Forms, have Servants to wait upon us, and are as lazy and luxurious as our Masters.—Ha!—My dear Sir *Harry*.—

(Enter Sir HARRY's Servant.)

—How have you done these thousand Years?

Sir HARRY.

My Lord Duke!—your Grace's most obedient
Servant.

DUKE.

Well, Baronet, and where have you been?

Sir HARRY.

At *Newmarket*, my Lord—We have had dev'lish
fine Sport.

DUKE.

And a good Appearance, I hear—Pox take it,
I should have been there; but our old Ducheſs
died, and we were obliged to keep Houſe, for the
Decency of the Thing.

Sir HARRY.

I pick'd up fifteen pieces.

DUKE.

Pſha! a Trifle!

Sir HARRY.

The Viſcount's People have been bloodily taken
in this Meeting.

DUKE.

Credit me, Baronet, they know nothing of the
Turf.

Sir HARRY.

I aſſure you, my Lord, they loſt every Match;
for *Crab* was beat hollow, *Careleſs* threw his Rider,
and Miſs *Slammerkin* had the Diſtemper.

DUKE.

Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad on't—Taſte this Snuff,
Sir Harry. [Offers his Box.

Sir HARRY.

'Tis good Rapee.

DUKE.

Right *Straſburgh*, I aſſure you, and of my own
importing.

Sir HARRY.

Aye!

DUKE.

DUKE.

The City People adulterate it so confoundedly, that I always import my own Snuff.—I wish my Lord would do the same; but he is so indolent.—When did you see the Girls? I saw Lady *Bab* this Morning; but, 'fore Gad, whether it be Love or Reading, she look'd as Pale as a Penitent.

Sir HARRY.

I have just had this Card from *Lovel's* People—*(Reads.)* “*Philip* and Mrs. *Kitty* present their Compliments to Sir *Harry*, and desire the Honour of his Company this Evening, to be of a smart Party, and eat a Bit of Supper.”

DUKE.

I have the same Invitation—Their Master, it seems, is gone to his Borough.

Sir HARRY.

You'll be with us, my Lord?—*Philip's* a Blood.—

DUKE.

A Buck of the first Head. I'll tell you a Secret, he's going to be married.

Sir HARRY.

To whom?

DUKE.

To *Kitty*.

Sir HARRY.

No!

DUKE.

Yes he is; and I intend to cuckold him.

Sir HARRY.

Then we may depend upon your Grace for certain. Ha, ha, ha!

DUKE.

If our House breaks up in a tolerable Time, I'll be with you—Have you any Thing for us?

Sir

Sir HARRY.

Yes, a little Bit of Poetry—I must be at the *Cocoa-Tree* myself till Eight.

DUKE.

Heigh ho!—I am quite out of Spirits—I had a damn'd Debauch last Night, Baronet.—Lord *Francis*, *Bob* the Bishop, and I, tipt off four Bottles of *Burgundy* a-piece—Ha! there are two fine Girls coming! Faith—Lady *Bab*—aye, and Lady *Charlotte*—
[Takes out his Glass.]

Sir HARRY.

We'll not join them.

DUKE.

Oh, yes—*Bab* is a fine Wench notwithstanding her Complexion; tho' I should be glad she would keep her Teeth cleaner—Your *English* Women are damn'd negligent about their Teeth.—How is your *Charlotte* in that Particular.

Sir HARRY.

My *Charlotte*!

DUKE.

Aye, the World says you are to have her.

Sir HARRY.

I own I did keep her Company; but we are off, my Lord.

DUKE.

How so?

Sir HARRY.

Between you and me she has a plaguy thick Pair of Legs.

DUKE.

Oh, damn it—that's insufferable.

Sir HARRY.

Besides, she's a Fool, and miss'd her Opportunity with the old Countess.

DUKE.

I am afraid, Baronet, you love Money.—Rot it, I never save a Shilling—Indeed I am sure of a Place

B E L O W S T A I R S. 15

Place in the Excise—Lady *Charlotte* is to be of the Party To-night; how do you manage that?

Sir H A R R Y.

Why, we do meet at a third Place, are very civil, and look queer, and laugh, and abuse one another, and all that.

D U K E.

A-la-mode, ha!—Here they are.

Sir H A R R Y.

Let us retire.

[*They retire.*]

Enter Lady BAB's Maid, and Lady

CHARLOTTE's Maid.

Lady B A B.

Oh! fie! Lady *Charlotte*, you are quite indelicate! I am sorry for your Taste!

Lady C H A R L O T T E.

Well, I say it again, I love *Vaux-ball*.

Lady B A B.

O my Stars! Why there is no body there but filthy Citizens.

Lady C H A R L O T T E.

We were in Hopes the raising the Price would have kept them out, ha, ha, ha!

Lady B A B.

Ha, ha, ha!—*Runelow* for my Money.

Lady C H A R L O T T E.

Now you talk of *Runelow*, when did you see the Colonel, Lady *Bab*?

Lady B A B.

The Colonel! I hate the Fellow.—He had the Assurance to talk of a Creature in *Glocestershire* before my Face.

Lady C H A R L O T T E.

He is a pretty Man for all that—Soldiers, you know, have their Mistresses every where.

Lady

Lady B A B.

I despise him——How goes on your Affair with the Baronet?

Lady CHARLOTTE.

The Baronet is a stupid Wretch, and I shall have nothing to say to him——You are to be at *Lovel's* To night, Lady *Bab*?

Lady B A B.

Unless I alter my Mind—I don't admire visiting these Commoners, Lady *Charlotte*.

Lady CHARLOTTE.

Oh, but Mrs. *Kitty* has Taste.

Lady B A B.

She affects it.

Lady CHARLOTTE.

The Duke is fond of her, and he has Judgment.

Lady B A B.

The Duke might shew his Judgment much better.
[*Holding up her Head.*]

Lady CHARLOTTE.

There he is, and the Baronet too——Take no Notice of them——We'll rally them by-and-by.

Lady B A B.

Dull Souls! Let us fet up a loud Laugh, and leave 'em.

Lady CHARLOTTE.

Ay;—Let us be gone; for the common People do so stare at us—we shall certainly be mobb'd.

B O T H.

Ha, ha, ha—Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt.*]

DUKE and Sir HARRY come forward.

DUKE.

They certainly saw us, and are gone off laughing at us——I must follow——

Sir HARRY.

No, no.

DUKE.

DUKE.

I must,—I must have a Party of Raillery with them, a bon mot or so. Sir *Harry*, you'll excuse me. —Adieu, I'll be with you in the evening, if possible; though, hark ye! there is a Bill depending in our House, which the Ministry make a Point of our attending; and so you know, Mum! we must mind the Stops of the Great Fiddle.—Adieu. [*Ex.*

Sir HARRY.

What a Coxcomb this is! and the Fellow can't read. It was but the other Day that he was Cowboy in the Country, then was bound Prentice to a Perriwig-maker, got into my Lord Duke's Family, and now sets up for a fine Gentleman. *O Tempora, O Mores!*

Re-enter Duke's Servant.

DUKE.

Sir *Harry*, prithee what are we to do at *Lovel's* when we come there?

Sir HARRY.

We shall have the Fiddles, I suppose.

DUKE.

The Fiddles! I have done with Dancing ever since the last Fit of the Gout. I'll tell you what, my dear Boy, I positively cannot be with them, unless we have a little———[*Makes a Motion as if with the Dice-box.*

Sir HARRY.

Fie, my Lord Duke.

DUKE.

Look ye, Baronet, I insist on it—Who the Devil of any Fashion can possibly spend an Evening without it? But I shall lose the Girls.—How grave you look, ha, ha, ha!—Well, let there be Fiddles.

Sir HARRY.

But, my dear Lord, I shall be quite miserable without you.——

C

DUKE.

DUKE.

Well, I won't be particular, I'll do as the rest do—
—Tol, lol, lol. *[Exit, singing and dancing.]*

Sir HARRY, *solus.*

He had the Assurance, last Winter, to court a Tradesman's Daughter in the City, with Two Thousand Pounds to her Fortune,—and got me to write his Love-Letters. He pretended to be an Ensign in a marching Regiment; so wheedled the old Folks into Consent, and would have carried the Girl off, but was unluckily prevented by the Washerwoman, who happened to be his first Cousin.

(Enter PHILIP.)—Mr. *Philip*, your Servant.

PHILIP.

You are welcome to *England*, Sir *Harry*, I hope you received the Card, and will do us the Honour of your Company—My Master is gone into *Devonshire*—We'll have a roaring Night.

Sir HARRY.

I'll certainly wait on you.

PHILIP.

The Girls will be with us.

Sir HARRY.

Is this a Wedding-Supper, *Philip*?

PHILIP.

What do you mean, Sir *Harry*?

Sir HARRY.

The Duke tells me so.

PHILIP.

The Duke's a Fool.

Sir HARRY.

Take care what you say; his Grace is a Bruiser.

PHILIP.

I am a Pupil of the same Academy, and not afraid of him, I assure you: Sir *Harry*, we'll have a noble Batch—I have such Wine for you!

Sir

Sir H A R R Y.

I am your Man, *Phil.*

P H I L I P.

Egad the Cellar shall bleed : I have some *Burgundy* that is fit for an Emperor——My Master would have given his Ears for some of it t'other Day, to treat my Lord What d'ye-call-him with ; but I told him it was all gone ; ha ! Charity begins at home, ha !—Odso, here is Mr. *Freeman*, my Master's intimate Friend ; he's a dry one.——Don't let us be seen together—He'll suspect something.

Sir H A R R Y.

I am gone.

P H I L I P.

Away, away,——Remember—*Burgundy* is the Word.

Sir H A R R Y.

Right—Long Corks ! ha, *Phil* ! [*Mimicks the drawing of a Cork.*]—Your's [*Exit.*

P H I L I P.

Now for a Cast of my Office——A starch Phiz, a canting Phrase, and as many Lies as necessary.—Hem !

Enter F R E E M A N.

F R E E M A N.

Oh ! *Philip*—How do you do, *Philip* ?—You have lost your Master, I find.

P H I L I P.

It is a Loss indeed, Sir.—So good a Gentleman !—He must be nearly got into *Devonshire* by this Time——Sir, your Servant. [*Going.*

F R E E M A N.

Why in such a Hurry, *Philip* ?

P H I L I P.

I shall leave the House as little as possible, now his Honour is away.

C a

F R E E M A N.

HIGH LIFE

FREEMAN.

You are in the right, *Philip*.

PHILIP.

Servants at such Times are too apt to be negligent and extravagant, Sir.

FREEMAN.

True; the Master's Absence is the Time to try a good Servant in.

PHILIP.

It is so, Sir: Sir, your Servant

[*Going*.]

FREEMAN.

Oh! Mr. *Philip*—pray stay—you must do me a Piece of Service.

PHILIP.

You command me, Sir—

[*Bows*.]

FREEMAN.

I look upon you, *Philip*, as one of the best behaved, most sensible, compleatest [Philip *bows*.]
Rascals in the World.[*Aside*,]

PHILIP.

Your Honour is pleased to compliment.

FREEMAN.

There is a Tenant of mine in *Essex*, a very honest Man—Poor Fellow, he has a great Number of Children; and they have sent me one of 'em; a tall, gawky Boy, to make a Servant of; but my Folks say, they can do nothing with him.

PHILIP.

Let me have him, Sir.

FREEMAN.

In Truth he is an unlick'd Cub.

PHILIP.

I will lick him into something, I warrant you, Sir—Now my Master is absent, I shall have a good deal of Time upon my Hands; and I hate to be idle, Sir; in two Months I'll engage to finish him.

FREEMAN.

BELOW STAIRS.

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FREEMAN.

I don't doubt it.

[*Aside.*

PHILIP.

Sir, I have twenty Pupils in the Parish of St. James's; and for a Table, or a Side-board, or behind an Equipage, or in the Delivery of a Message, or any thing——

FREEMAN.

What have you for Entrance?

PHILIP.

I always leave it to Gentlemens Generosity.

FREEMAN.

Here is a Guinea——I beg he may be taken Care of.

PHILIP.

That he shall I promise you [*Aside.*] Your Honour knows me.

FREEMAN.

Thoroughly.

[*Aside.*

PHILIP.

When can I see him, Sir?

FREEMAN.

Now, directly——call at my House and take him in your Hand.

PHILIP.

Sir, I will be with you in a Minute——I will but step into the Market to let the Tradesmen know they must not trust any of our Servants, now they are at Board-wages——Humph!

FREEMAN.

How happy is Mr. Lovel in so excellent a Servant!

[*Exit.*

PHILIP.

Ha, ha, ha! This is one of my Master's prudent Friends, who dines with him three Times a-Week, and thinks he is mighty generous in giving me five Guineas at *Christmas*——Damn all such speaking Scoundrels, I say.

[*Exit.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *The Servant's Hall in LOVEL'S House.*

KINGSTON and COACHMAN, *drunk and sleepy.*
[Knocking at the Door.]

KINGSTON.
Somebody knocks——Coachy, go——go to the Door, Coachy——

COACHMAN.
I'll not go——do you go——you black Dog.

KINGSTON.
Devil shall fetch me, if I go. [Knocking.]

COACHMAN.
Why then let 'em stay——I'll not go——Damme——Aye, knock the Door down, and let yourself in. [Knocking.]

KINGSTON.
Ay, ay; knock again——knock again——

COACHMAN.
Master is gone into *Devonshire*——So he can't be there——So I'll go to sleep.——

KINGSTON.
So will I——I'll go to sleep too.

COACHMAN.
You lye, Devil——you shall not go to sleep till I am asleep——I am King of the Kitchen.

KINGSTON.
No, you are not King; but when you are drunk, you are fulky as a Hell.——Here is Cooky coming——She is King and Queen too.

Enter COOK.

COOK.
Somebody has knock'd at the Door twenty Times, and nobody hears——Why, Coachman——*Kingston*——Ye drunken Bears, why don't one of you go the Door?

COACHMAN.

B E L O W S T A I R S. 23

COACHMAN.

You go, Cook; you go—

COOK.

Hang me, if I go—

KINGSTON.

Yes, yes, Cooky go; Mollfy, Pollfy go.—

COOK.

Out you Black Toad——It is none of my
Business, and go I will not. [*Sits down.*]

Enter PHILIP, with LOVEL disguis'd.

PHILIP.

I might have staid at the Door all Night, as the
little Man in the Play says, if I had not had the
Key of the Door in my Pocket——What is come
to you all?

COOK.

There is John Coachman, and Kingston, as drunk
as two Bears.

PHILIP.

Ah, ha! my Lads, what, finish'd already? These
are the very best of Servants——Poor Fellows, I
suppose they have been drinking their Master's
good Journey——ha, ha, ha!

LOVEL.

No doubt on't. [*Aside.*]

PHILIP.

Yo ho! get to Bed, you Dogs, and sleep your-
selves sober, that you may be able to get drunk
again by-and-by—They are as fast as a Church—
Jemmy.

LOVEL.

Anon?

PHILIP.

Do you love Drinking?

LOVEL.

Yes,—I loves Ale.

PHILIP.

P H I L I P.

—You Dog, you shall swim in *Burgundy*.

L O V E L.

Burgundy! what's that?

P H I L I P.

Cook, wake those honest Gentlemen, and send them to Bed.

C O O K.

It is impossible to wake them.

L O V E L.

I think I could wake 'em, Sir, if I might—Heh—

P H I L I P.

Do *Jemmy*, wake 'em *Jemmy*—ha, ha, ha!

L O V E L.

Hip,—Mr. Coachman. [*Gives him a great Slap on the Face.*]

C O A C H M A N.

Oh! oh! What? Zounds! Oh!—Damn you!—

L O V E L.

What, Blackey! Blackey! [*Pulls him by the Nose.*]

K I N G S T O N.

Oh! oh!—What now! Curse you! Oh!—
Cot ram you.

L O V E L.

Ha, ha, ha!

P H I L I P.

Ha, ha, ha!—Well done *Jemmy*.—Cook, see those Gentry to Bed.

C O O K.

—Marry come up, I say so too; not I indeed.—

C O A C H M A N.

She shan't see us to Bed—We'll see ourselves to Bed.

K I N G S T O N.

We got drunk together, and we'll go to Bed together.

[*Exeunt, reeling.*]

P H I L I P.

P H I L I P .

You see how we live, Boy.

L O V E L .

Yes, I *sees* how you live.——

P H I L I P .

Let the Supper be elegant, Cook.

C O O K .

Who pays for it?

P H I L I P .

My Master, to be sure : Who else ? ha, ha, ha !
He is rich enough, I hope, ha, ha, ha !

L O V E L .

Humh.

[*Aside*

P H I L I P .

Each of us must take a Part, and sink it in our
next weekly Bills ; that is the Way.

L O V E L .

Soh !

[*Aside.*

C O O K .

Prithee *Philip*, what Boy is this ?

P H I L I P .

A Boy of *Freeman's* recommending.

L O V E L .

Yes, I'm 'Squire *Freeman's* Boy,——Heh——

C O O K .

Freeman is a stingy Hound, and you may tell him
I say so. He dines here three times a Week, and I
never saw the Colour of his Money yet.

L O V E L .

Ha, ha ha, That is good———*Freeman* shall
have it.

[*Aside.*

C O O K .

I must step to the Tallow-Chandler's, to dispose
of some of my Perquisites ; and then I'll set about
Supper.——

D

P H I L I P .

P H I L I P.

Well said, Cook, that is right, the Perquisite is the Thing, Cook.

C O O K.

Cloe, Cloe, where are you, Cloe—— [Calls.

Enter C L O E.

C L O E.

Yes, Mistrefs.——

C O O K.

Take that Box and follow me. [Exit.

C L O E.

Yes, Mistrefs; [*Takes the Box.*]——Who is this? [*seeing Lovel.*] Hee, hee, hee.——Oh——This is pretty Boy——Hee, hee, hee.——Oh——This is pretty Red Hair, hee, hee, hee——You shall be in love with me by-and-by——Hee, hee. [*Exit. chucking Lovel under the Chin.*

L O V E L.

A very pretty Amour. [*Aside*] Oh la! what a fine Room is this—Is this the Dining Room, pray Sir?

P H I L I P.

No, our Drinking Room.

L O V E L.

La! la! What a fine Lady here is—This is Madam, I suppose.

Enter K I T T Y.

P H I L I P.

Where have you been Kitty?

K I T T Y.

I have been disposing of some of his Honour's Shirts, and other Linen, which it is a Shame his Honour should wear any longer.——Mother *Barter* is above, and waits to know if you have any Commands for her.

P H I L I P.

I shall dispose of my Wardrobe To-morrow.

K I T T Y.

Who have we here?

[*Lovel bows.*
P H I L I P.

B E L O W S T A I R S. 27

P H I L I P.

A Boy of *Freeman's*, a poor silly Fool——

L O V E L.

Thank you——

[*Aside.*

P H I L I P.

I intend the Entertainment this Evening as a Compliment to you, *Kitty*.

K I T T Y.

I am your humble, Mr. *Philip*.

P H I L I P.

But I beg I may see none of your *Airs*, or hear any of your *French* Gibberish with the Duke.

K I T T Y.

Don't be jealous, *Phil*.

[*Fawningly.*

P H I L I P.

I intend, before our Marriage, to settle something handsome upon you, and with the five hundred Pounds which I have already saved in this extravagant Fellow's Family——

L O V E L.

A Dog! [*Aside*]——O la, la, what, have you got five hundred Pounds?

P H I L I P.

Peace, Blockhead——

K I T T Y.

I'll tell you what you shall do, *Phil*.

P H I L I P.

Aye, what shall I do?

K I T T Y.

You shall set up a Chocolate-house, my Dear——

P H I L I P.

Yes, and be cuckolded——

[*Apart.*

K I T T Y.

You know my Education was a very genteel one—I was a Half-boarder at *Chelsea*, and I speak *French* like a Native—*Comment vous porter vous, Mounfieur.*

[*Awkardly.*

D 2

P H I L I P.

PHILIP.

Psha! Psha!———

KITTY.

One is nothing without *French*—I shall shine in the Bar—Do you speak *French*, Boy?

LOVEL.

Anon——

KITTY.

Anon—O the Fool! ha, ha, ha!—Come here, do, and let me new mold you a little—you must be a good Boy, and wait upon the Gentlesfolks To-night.

[*She ties and powders his Hair.*]

LOVEL.

Yes, a'n't please you, I'll do my best.

KITTY.

His best! O the Natural!—This is a strange Head of Hair of thine, Boy—It is so coarse, and so carotty.

LOVEL.

All my Brothers and Sisters be red in the Pole.

PHILIP—KITTY.

Ha, ha, ha!

[*Loud Laugh.*]

KITTY.

There—Now you are something like ——Come, Philip, give the Boy a Lesson, and then I'll lecture him out of the *Servant's Guide*.

PHILIP.

Come, Sir, first, Hold up your Head—very well—Turn out your Toes, Sir,—very well—Now call Coach——

LOVEL.

What is call Coach?

PHILIP.

Thus, Sir: Coach, Coach, Coach.

[*Loud.*]

LOVEL.

Coach, Coach, Coach,

[*Imitating.*]

PHILIP.

P H I L I P.

Admirable! the Knave has a good Ear—Now, Sir, tell me a Lye.

L O V E L.

O la! I never told a Lye in all my Life.

P H I L I P.

Then it is high Time you should begin now; what is a Servant good for that can't tell a Lye?

K I T T Y.

And stand in it—Now I'll lecture him [*Takes out a Book*] This is *The Servant's Guide to Wealth*, by Timothy Shoulderknot, formerly Servant to several Noblemen, and now an Officer in the Customs; necessary for all Servants.

P H I L I P.

Mind, Sir, what excellent Rules the Book contains, and remember them well——Come Kitty, begin——

K I T T Y (*Reads.*)

Advice to the Footman.

- " Let it for ever be your Plan
- " To be the Master, not the Man,
- " And do as little as you can.

L O V E L.

He, he, he! —Yes, I'll do nothing at all — not I.

K I T T Y.

- " At Market never think it Stealing
- " To keep with Tradesmen *proper* Dealing;
- " All Stewards have a Fellow feeling.

P H I L I P.

You will understand that better one Day or other, Boy.

K I T T Y.

To the Groom.

- " Never allow your Master able
- " To judge of Matters in the Stable:

" If

“ If he should roughly speak his Mind,
 “ Or to dismiss you seems inclin’d,
 “ Lame the best Horse, or break his Wind. }

LOVEL.

Oddines! that’s good—he, he, he!

KITTY.

To the Coachman.

“ If your good Master on you doats,
 “ Ne’er leave his House to serve a Stranger,
 “ But pocket Hay, and Straw, and Oats,
 “ And let the Horses eat the Manger.

LOVEL.

Eat the Manger! he, he, he!

KITTY.

I won’t give you too much at a Time—Here
 Boy, take the Book, and read it every Night and
 Morning before you say your Prayers.

PHILIP.

Ha, ha, ha!—very good, but now for Business.

KITTY.

Right—I’ll go and get one of the Damask
 Table-cloths, and some Napkins; and be sure, *Phil.*
 your Side-board is very smart. [Exit.

PHILIP.

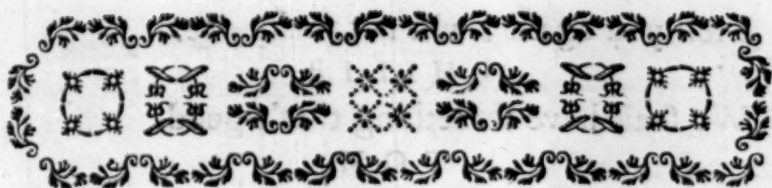
That it shall—Come, *Jemmy*.— [Exit.

LOVEL.

Soh!—Soh!—It works well. [Exit.

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT.



A C T II.

SCENE, *The Servants Hall, with the Supper and Side-Board set out.*

PHILIP, KITTY, and LOVEL.

KITTY.

WELL, *Phil.* what think you? Don't we look very smart?—Now let 'em come as soon as they will, we shall be ready for 'em.

PHILIP.

'Tis all very well; but—

KITTY.

But what?

PHILIP.

Why, I wish we could get that snarling Cur, *Tom*, to make one.

KITTY.

What is the matter with him?

PHILIP.

I don't know—he is a queer Son of a—

KITTY.

Oh, I know him; he is one of your sneaking half-bred Fellows, that prefers his Master's Interest to his own.

PHILIP.

—Here he is.

(*Enter Tom.*)

—And why won't you make one To-night, *Tom*?—Here's Cook and Coachman, and all of us.

TOM.

T O M.

I tell you again I will not make one.

P H I L I P.

We shall have something that's good.

T O M.

And make your Master pay for it.

P H I L I P.

I warrant, now, you think yourself mighty honest——Ha, ha, ha!

T O M.

A little honefter than you, I hope, and not brag neither.

K I T T Y.

Hark'e you, Mr. Honesty, don't be faucy——

L O V E L.

This is worth listening to.

[*Aside.*]

T O M.

What, Madam, you are afraid for your Cully, are you.

K I T T Y.

Cully, Sirrah, Cully! Afraid, Sirrah! afraid of what?

[*Goes up to Tom.*]

P H I L I P.

Aye, Sir, afraid of what? [*Goes up on the other side.*]

L O V E L.

Aye, Sir, afraid of what?

[*Goes up too.*]

T O M.

I value none of you—I know your Tricks.

P H I L I P.

What do you know, Sirrah?

K I T T Y.

Ay, what do you know?

L O V E L.

Ay, Sir, what do you know?

T O M.

B E L O W S T A I R S. 33

T O M.

I know that you Two are in Fee with every Tradesman belonging to the House——And that you, Mr. *Clodpole*, are in a fair Way to be hang'd.
[Strikes Lovel.]

P H I L I P.

What do you strike the Boy for ?

L O V E L.

It is an honest Blow. [Aside.]

T O M.

I'll strike him again.——'Tis such as you that bring a Scandal upon us all.

K I T T Y.

Come, none of your Impudence, *Tom*.

T O M.

Egad, Madam, the Gentry may well complain, when they get such Servants as you in their Houses. —There's your good Friend, Mother *Barter*, the Old-Cloaths Woman, the greatest Thief in Town, just now gone out with her Apron full of his Honour's Linen.

K I T T Y.

Well, Sir, and did you never——ha ?

T O M.

No, never : I have lived with his Honour four Years, and never took the Value of that [*Snapping his Fingers.*]—His Honour is a Prince, gives noble Wages, and keeps noble Company, and yet you two are not contented, but cheat him wherever you can lay your Fingers.—Shame on you !——

L O V E L.

The Fellow I thought a Rogue, is the only honest Servant in my House. [Aside.]

K I T T Y.

Out you mealy-mouth'd Cur.

P H I L I P.

Well, go tell his Honour, do ——ha, ha, ha !

E

T O M.

T O M.

I scorn that—Damn an Informer!——but yet,
I hope his Honour will find you two out, one Day
or other——That's all.—— [Exit.

K I T T Y.

This Fellow must be taken Care of.

P H I L I P.

I'll do his Business for him, when his Honour
comes to Town.

L O V E L.

You lye, you Scoundrel; you will not. [Aside.
——O la! here is a fine Gentleman.

Enter DUKE's Servant.

D U K E.

Ah! ma chere Mademoiselle! Comment vous
portez vous? [Salute.

K I T T Y.

Fort bien, je vous remercier, Monsieur.

P H I L I P.

Now we shall have Nonsense by Wholesale.

D U K E.

How do you do, *Philip*?

P H I L I P.

Your Grace's humble Servant.

D U K E.

But my dear *Kitty*——

[Talk apart.

P H I L I P.

Jemmy.

L O V E L.

Anon?

P H I L I P.

Come along with me, and I will make you free
of the Cellar.

L O V E L.

Yes—I will—But won't you ask *be* to drink?

P H I L I P.

No, no; he will have his Share by-and-by.—
Come along.

L O V E L.

LOVEL.

Yes.

[*Exeunt Philip and Lovel.*]

KITTY.

Indeed I thought your Grace an Age in coming.

DUKE.

Upon Honour, our House is but this Moment up.—You have a damn'd vile Collection of Pictures I observe, above Stairs, *Kitty*.—Your 'Squire has no Taste.——

KITTY.

No Taste! That's impossible, for he has laid out a vast deal of Money.

DUKE.

There is not an original Picture in the whole Collection——Where could he pick 'em up?

KITTY.

He employs three or four Men to buy for him, and he always pays for Originals.

DUKE.

Donnez moi votre Eau de Luce——My Head aches confoundedly [*She gives a Smelling-Bottle*]——*Kitty*, my dear, I hear you are going to be married.—

KITTY.

Pardonnez moi, for that.

DUKE.

If you get a Boy, I'll be Godfather, F'aith.—

KITTY.

How you rattle, Duke!——I am thinking, my Lord, when I had the Honour to see you first.

DUKE.

At the Play, Mademseille.——

KITTY.

Your Grace loves a Play?

E 2

DUKE.

DUKE.

No——It is a dull, old-fashioned Entertainment
—I hate it.—

KITTY.

Well, give me a good Tragedy.

DUKE.

It must not be a modern one then—You are devilish handsome, *Kate*—Kiss me—[*Offers to kiss her.*]

(*Enter Sir HARRY's Servant.*)

Sir HARRY.

Oh ho!—Are you thereabouts, my Lord Duke?
That may do very well by-and-by—However,
you'll never find me behind-hand. [*Offers to kiss her.*]

DUKE.

Stand off, you are a Commoner—Nothing under
Nobility approaches *Kitty*.

Sir HARRY.

You are so devilish proud of your Nobility—
Now, I think, we have more true Nobility than
you—Let me tell you, Sir, a Knight of the
Shire.—

DUKE.

A Knight of the Shire! ha, ha, ha! a mighty
Honour, truly, to represent all the Fools in the
County.

KITTY.

O Lud! this is charming to see two Noblemen
quarrel.

Sir HARRY.

Why, any Fool may be born to a Title, but
only a wise Man can make himself honourable.

KITTY.

Well said, Sir *Harry*, that is good *Morality*.

DUKE.

B E L O W S T A I R S. 37

D U K E.

I hope you make some Difference between Hereditary Honours and the Huzzas of a Mob.

K I T T Y

Very smart, my Lord—Now, Sir *Harry*——

Sir H A R R Y.

If you make use of your Hereditary Honours to screen you from Debt——

D U K E.

Zounds! Sir, what do you mean by that?

K I T T Y.

Hold, hold! I shall have some fine old Noble Blood spilt here——Ha' done, Sir *Harry*——

Sir H A R R Y.

Not I—Why he is always valuing himself upon his upper House.

D U K E.

We have Dignity. [*Slow.*

Sir H A R R Y.

But what becomes of your Dignity, if we refuse the Supplies? [*Quick.*

K I T T Y.

Peace, Peace——Here's Lady *Bab*——

(*Enter Lady BAB's Servant in a Chair.*)

Dear Lady *Bab*——

Lady B A B.

Mrs. *Kitty*, your Servant—I was afraid of taking Cold, and so ordered the Chair down Stairs. Well, and how do you do?——My Lord Duke, your Servant——and Sir *Harry* too——your's.

D U K E.

Your Ladyship's devoted——

Lady B A B.

I'm afraid I have trespassed in Point of Time——[*Looks on her Watch.*——But I got into my fav'rite Author.

D U K E.

DUKE.

Yes, I found her Ladyship at her Studies this Morning——Some wicked Poem——

Lady BAB.

Oh you Wretch!—I never read but one Book.

KITTY.

What is your Ladyship so fond of?

Lady BAB.

Shikspur. Did you never read *Shikspur*?

KITTY.

Shikspur! *Shikspur*!—Who wrote it?—No, I never read *Shikspur*.

Lady BAB.

Then you have an immense Pleasure to come.

KITTY.

Well then, I'll read it over one Afternoon or other.——Here's Lady *Charlotte*.——

(*Enter Lady CHARLOTTE's Maid in a Chair.*)

—Dear Lady *Charlotte*.

Lady CHARLOTTE.

Oh, Mrs. *Kitty*, I thought I never should have reach'd your House——Such a Fit of the Cholic seiz'd me——Oh, Lady *Bab*, how long has your Ladyship been here?——My Chairmen were such Drones——My Lord Duke! the Pink of all good Breeding.

DUKE.

Oh Ma'm——

[*Bowing.*]

Lady CHARLOTTE.

And Sir *Harry*——Your Servant, Sir *Harry*.

[*Formally.*]

Sir HARRY.

Madam, your Servant——I am sorry to hear your Ladyship has been ill.——

Lady CHARLOTTE.

You must give me Leave to doubt the Sincerity of that Sorrow, Sir——Remember the *Park*——

Sir

Sir H A R R Y.

The *Park*! I'll explain that Affair, Madam.

Lady C H A R L O T T E.

I want none of your Explanations. [*Scornfully.*]

Sir H A R R Y,

Dear Lady *Charlotte*!

Lady C H A R L O T T E.

No, Sir; I have observ'd your Coolness of late,
and despise you——A trumpery Baronet!

Sir H A R R Y.

I see how it is; nothing will satisfy you but
Nobility——That sly Dog the Marquis——

Lady C H A R L O T T E.

None of your Reflections, Sir——The Marquis
is a Person of Honour, and above enquiring after a
Lady's Fortune, as you meanly did.

Sir H A R R Y.

I—I—Madam? I scorn such a Thing——I
assure you, Madam, I never——That is to say——
Egad I am confounded——My Lord Duke, what
shall I say to her?—Pray help me out— [*Aside.*]

D U K E.

Ask her to shew her Legs—Ha, ha, ha! [*Aside.*]

Enter PHILIP and LOVEL, loaded with Bottles.

P H I L I P.

Here my little Peer——Here is Wine that will
ennoble your Blood——Both your Ladyships most
humble Servant.

L O V E L. [*Affecting to be drunk.*]

Both your Ladyships most humble Servant.

K I T T Y.

Why, *Philip*, you have made the Boy drunk.

P H I L I P.

I have made him free of the Cellar. Ha, ha, ha!

L O V E L.

LOVEL.

Yes, I am free—I am very free.—

PHILIP.

He has had a Smack of every Sort of Wine,
from humble Port to Imperial Tokay.

LOVEL.

Yes, I have been drinking *Kokay*.

KITTY.

Go, get you some Sleep, Child, that you may
wait on his Lordship by-and-by.

LOVEL.

Thank you, Madam—I will certainly wait on
their Lordships, and their Ladyships too. [*Aside,*
and exit.]

PHILIP.

Well, Ladies, what say you to a Dance, and then
to Supper? Have you had your Tea?

ALL.

A Dance, a Dance—No Tea—No Tea.

PHILIP.

Here, Fidler [*calls.*] I have provided a very good
Hand, you see.(*Enter FIDLER, with a wooden Leg.*)

Sir HARRY.

Not so well legg'd, Mr. *Philip*.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha!

DUKE.

Le drole!—Harkye, Mr.—which Leg do you
beat Time with?

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha!

[*Long Laugh.*]

Sir HARRY.

What can you play, Domine?

FIDLER.

Any thing, an't please your Honour, from a Jig
to a Sonata.

PHILIP.

B E L O W S T A I R S . 41

P H I L I P .

Come here——Where are all our People?
[Enter Coachman, Cook, Kingston, Cloe.] I'll
couple you — My Lord Duke will take *Kitty*, —
Lady Bab will do me the Honour of her Hand;
Sir Harry and *Lady Charlotte*——Coachman and
Cook, and the two Devils dance together——
Ha, ha, ha!

D U K E .

With Submission, the Country Dances by-
and-by.

Lady C H A R L O T T E .

Ay, ay; *French* Dances before Supper, and
Country Dances after—I beg the Duke and Mrs.
Kitty may give us a Minuet.

D U K E .

Dear *Lady Charlotte*, consider my poor Gout—
Sir Harry will oblige us. [*Sir Harry bows.*]

A L L .

—Minuet, *Sir Harry*—Minuet, *Sir Harry*——

F I D L E R .

What Minuet would your Honours please to
have?

K I T T Y .

What Minuet?——Let me see——Play *Marshal*
Thingumbob's Minuet.

[*A Minuet by Sir Harry and Kitty, awkward
and conceited.*]

Lady C H A R L O T T E .

Mrs. *Kitty* dances sweetly.

P H I L I P .

And *Sir Harry* delightfully.

D U K E .

Well enough for a Commoner.

P H I L I P .

Come now to Supper——A Gentleman and a
Lady—Here, Fidler [*gives Money*] Wait without.

F

F I D L E R .

H I G H L I F E

F I D L E R.

Yes, an't please your Honour.

[Exit with a
Tankard.]

[They sit down.]

P H I L I P.

We will set the Wine on the Table—Here is Claret, Burgundy, and Champagne, and a Bottle of Tokay for the Ladies—There are Tickets on every Bottle—If any Gentleman chuses Port—

D U K E.

Port!—'Tis only fit for a Dram.

K I T T Y.

Lady *Bab*, what shall I send you?—Lady *Charlotte*, pray be free; the more free, the more welcome, as they say in my Country.—The Gentlemen will be so good as to take care of themselves.

[A Pause.]

D U K E.

Lady *Charlotte*, "Hob or Nob!"

Lady C H A R L O T T E.

Done—my Lord—in Burgundy, if you please.

D U K E.

Here's your Sweatheart and mine, and the Friends of the Company.

[They drink. A Pause.]

P H I L I P.

Come Ladies and Gentlemen, a Bumper all round—I have a Health for you—"Here is to the
"Amendment of our Masters and Mistresses."

A L L.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

[Loud Laugh. A
Pause.]

K I T T Y.

Ladies, pray what is your Opinion of a single Gentleman's Service?

Lady C H A R L O T T E.

Do you mean an *old* single Gentleman?

A L L.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

[Loud Laugh.]

P H I L I P.

BELOW STAIRS.

43

PHILIP.

My Lord Duke, your Toast.

DUKE.

Lady Betty——

PHILIP.

Oh no—A Health and a Sentiment.

DUKE.

A Health and a Sentiment?——No, no, let us have a Song——Sir *Harry*, your Song.——

Sir HARRY.

Would you have it?——Well then——Mrs. *Kitty* we must call upon you——Will you honour my Muse?——

ALL.

A Song, a Song, ay, ay, Sir *Harry's* Song——
Sir *Harry's* Song——

DUKE.

A Song to be sure,——but first,——Preludo——
[*Kisses Kitty.*]——Pray Gentlemen put it about.

Kissing round——*Kingston kisses Cloe heartily.*

Sir HARRY.

See how the Devils kifs!

KITTY.

I am really hoarse; but——Hem——I must clear up my Pipes——Hem——This is Sir *Harry's* Song; being a new Song, entitled and called,

The Fellow Servant, or All in a Livery.

[KITTY Sings.]

I.

*Come here Fellow Servant, and listen to me,
I'll shew you how those of superior Degree
Are only Dependants, no better than we.*

*Chorus, Both high and low in this do agree,
'Tis here Fellow Servant,
And there Fellow Servant,
And all in a Livery.*

F 2

II

II.

*See yonder fine Spark in Embroidery drest,
Who bows to the Great, and if they smile, is blest;
What is he? Pfaith, but a Servant at best.*

Cho. Both high, &c.

III.

*Nature made all alike, no Distinction she craves,
So we laugh at the great World, its Fools and its
Knaves,*

For we are all Servants, but they are all Slaves.

Cho. Both high, &c.

IV.

*The fat shining Glutton looks up to the Shelf,
The wrinkled lean Miser bows down to his Pelf,
And the curl pated Beau is a slave to himself.*

Cho. Both high, &c.

V.

*The gay sparkling Belle, who the whole Town alarms,
And with Eyes, Lips, and Neck, sets the Smarts all
in Arms,*

Is a Vassal herself, a mere Drudge to her Charms.

Cho. Both high, &c.

VI.

*Then we'll drink like our Betters, and laugh, sing
and love,*

*And when sick of one Place, to another we'll move,
For with Little and Great, the best Joy is to rove.*

Chorus. Both high and low in this do agree,

That 'tis here Fellow Servant,

And there Fellow Servant,

And all in a Livery.

PHILIP.

How do you like it my Lord Duke?

DUKE.

It is a damn'd vile composition——

PHILIP.

How so?

DUKE.

DUKE.

O very low ! Very low indeed !

Sir HARRY.

Can you make a better ?

DUKE.

I hope so.

Sir HARRY.

That is very conceited.

DUKE.

What is conceited, you Scoundrel ?

Sir HARRY.

Scoundrel ! You are a Rascal — I'll pull you by
the Nose — [All Rise.

DUKE.

Look ye, Friend ; don't give yourself Airs, and
make a Disturbance among the Ladies — If you
are a Gentleman, name your Weapons.

Sir HARRY.

Weapons ! What you will — Pistols —

DUKE.

Done — behind *Montague House*.

Sir HARRY.

Done — with Seconds.

DUKE.

Done. —

PHILIP.

Oh for Shame, Gentlemen — My Lord Duke !
— Sir Harry, the Ladies ! fie ! [Duke and Sir
Harry affect to sing.

A violent Knocking,

PHILIP.

What the Devil can that be, Kitty ?

KITTY.

Who can it possibly be ?

PHILIP.

Kingston, run up Stairs and peep. [Exit Kingston.
It sounds like my Master's Rap — Pray Heaven
it

it is not he;—[*Enter Kingston*] Well, *Kingston*, what is it?

KINGSTON.

It is Master and Mr. *Freeman*—I peep'd thro' the Key-Hole, and saw them by the Lamp Light—*Tom* has just let them in—

PHILIP.

The Devil he has! What can have brought him back?

KITTY.

No matter what—Away with the Things.—

PHILIP.

Away with the Wine—Away with the Plate—Here Coachman, Cook, *Cloe*, *Kingston*, bear a Hand—Out with the Candles—Away, away.

[*They carry away the Table, &c.*]

VISITERS.

What shall we do? What shall we do?

[*They all run about in Confusion.*]

KITTY.

Run up Stairs, Ladies.

PHILIP.

No, no, no.—He'll see you then—

Sir HARRY.

What the Devil had I to do here!

DUKE.

Pox take it, face it out.

Sir HARRY.

Oh no; these *West-Indians* are very fiery.

PHILIP.

I would not have him see any of you for the World.

LOVEL *without.*

Philip—Where's *Philip*?

PHILIP.

Oh the Devil! he's certainly coming down Stairs—Sir *Harry*, run down into the Cellar—My Lord Duke get into the Pantry—Away, away.

KITTY.

B E L O W S T A I R S. 4 .

K I T T Y.

No, no; do you put their Ladyships into the Pantry, and I'll take his Grace into the Cole-hole.

V I S I T E R S.

Any where, any where——Up the Chimney if you will.

P H I L I P.

There——in with you.

[They all go into the Pantry,

L O V E L *without.*

Philip——Philip——

P H I L I P.

Coming, Sir—*[Aloud.]*—Kitty, have you never a good Book to be reading of?

K I T T Y

Yes, here is *one*.

P H I L I P.

'Egad, this is Black *Monday* with us—Sit down——Seem to read your Book——Here he is, as drunk as a Piper——

[They sit down.

Enter L O V E L *with Pistols, affecting to be drunk,*
F R E E M A N *following.*

L O V E L.

Philip, the Son of *Alexander* the Great, where are all my Myrmidons?——What the Devil makes you up so early this Morning?

P H I L I P.

He is very drunk indeed—*[Aside.]*—Mrs. Kitty and I had got into a good Book, your Honour.

F R E E M A N.

Ay, ay, they have been well employed, I dare say—ha, ha ha!

L O V E L.

Come, sit down, *Freeman*,—Lie you there. *[Lays his Pistols down.]* I come a little unexpectedly, perhaps, *Philip*.

P H I L I P.

PHILIP.

A good Servant is never afraid of being caught,
Sir——

LOVEL.

I have some Accounts that I must settle——

PHILIP.

Accounts, Sir! To-night?

LOVEL.

Yes, To-night—I find myself perfectly clear—
you shall see I'll settle them in a Twinkling.

PHILIP.

Your Honour will go into the Parlour?

LOVEL.

No, I'll settle 'em all here.——

KITTY.

Your Honour must not sit here.——

LOVEL.

Why not?

KITTY.

You will certainly take Cold, Sir, the Room has
not been washed above an Hour.

LOVEL.

What a cursed Lye that is!

[*Aside.*]

DUKE.

Philip.——Philip.——Philip. [Peeping out.]

PHILIP.

Pox take you!——Hold your Tongue.—[*Aside.*]

FREEMAN.

You have just nick'd them in the very Minute.

[*Aside to Lovel.*]

LOVEL.

I find I have——Mum——[*Aside to Freeman.*]
Get some Wine, *Philip*——[*Exit Philip.*]——Tho'
I must eat something before I drink——*Kitty*, what
have you got in the Pantry?

KITTY.

B E L O W S T A I R S. 49

K I T T Y.

In the Pantry? Lard, your Honour! We are at Board-wages.——

F R E E M A N.

I could eat a Morfel of cold Meat.

L O V E L.

You shall have it——Here—[*Rises.*]——Open the Pantry Door—I'll be about your Board-wages!——I have treated you often, now you shall treat your Master.——

K I T T Y.

If I may be believed, Sir, there is not a Scrap of any Thing in the World in the Pantry.

[*Opposing him.*]

L O V E L.

Well, then we must be contented, *Freeman.*——Let us have a Crust of Bread and a Bottle of Wine.

[*Sits down again.*]

K I T T Y.

Sir, had not my Master better go to Bed?——

[*Makes Signs to Freeman that Lovel is drunk.*]

L O V E L.

Bed! Not I——I'll sit here all Night——'Tis very pleasant; and nothing like Variety in Life.

Sir H A R R Y. (*Peeping.*)

Mrs. Kitty, Mrs. Kitty——

K I T T Y.

Peace, on your Life.

[*Aside.*]

L O V E L.

Kitty, what Voice it that?

K I T T Y.

No-body's, Sir.——Hem——

(*PHILIP brings Wine.*)

L O V E L.

Soh——Very well——Now do you two march off——March off, I say.——

G

PHILIP.

P H I L I P.

We can't think of leaving your Honour — For
Egad, if we do, we are undone. [Aside.

L O V E L.

Begone — My Service to you, *Freeman*, — This
is good Stuff, —

F R E E M A N.

Excellent. [Somebody in the Pantry sneezes.

K I T T Y.

We are undone; undone. [Aside.

P H I L I P.

Oh! That is the Duke's damn'd Rapee. [Aside.

L O V E L.

Didn't you hear a Noise, *Charles*?

F R E E M A N.

Somebody sneez'd, I thought.

L O V E L.

Damn it! There are Thieves in the House —
I'll be among 'em — [Takes a Pistol.

K I T T Y.

Lack-a-day, Sir, it was only the Cat — They
sometimes sneeze for all the World like a Christian
— Here, *Jack*, *Jack* — He has got a Cold, Sir,
— Puffs, — Puffs. —

L O V E L.

A Cold? then I'll cure him — — Here *Jack*,
Jack, — Puffs, Puffs. —

K I T T Y.

Your Honour won't be so rash — — Pray your
Honour don't — [Opposing.

L O V E L.

Stand off — — Here *Freeman* — Here's a Barrel for
Business, with a Brace of Slugs, and well prim'd,
as you see — — *Freeman* — I'll hold you five to four
— — Nay, I'll hold you two to one, I hit the Cat
through the Key-hole of that Pantry-door.

F R E E M A N.

F R E E M A N .

Try, try, but I think it impossible——

L O V E L .

I am a damn'd good Marksman. [*Cocks the Pistol, and points it at the Pantry Door.*]——Now for it! [*A violent Skriek, and all is discovered.*]——Who the Devil are all these? One,——two,——three,——four——

P H I L I P .

They are particular Friends of mine, Sir; Servants to some Noblemen in the Neighbourhood.

L O V E L .

I told you there were Thieves in the House.

F R E E M A N .

Ha, ha, ha!

P H I L I P .

I assure your Honour they have been entertained at our own Expence, upon my Word.

K I T T Y .

Yes, indeed, your Honour, if it was the last Word I had to speak.——

L O V E L .

Take up that Bottle——[*Philip takes up a Bottle with a Ticket to it, and is going off.*]——Bring it back——do you usually entertain your company with Tokay, Monsieur?

P H I L I P .

I, Sir, treat with Wine!

L O V E L .

O yes, from humble Port to imperial Tokay too: Yes, I loves Kokay. [*Mimicking himself.*]

P H I L I P .

How!—Jemmy, my Master!

K I T T Y .

Jemmy! the Devil!——

G 2 .

P H I L I P .

P H I L I P.

Your Honour is at present in liquor—But in the Morning, when your Honour is recovered, I will set all to rights again.—

LOVEL, (*Changing his Countenance, and turning his Wig.*)

We'll set all to rights now—There, I am sober, at your Service—What have you to say *Philip*? [*Philip starts.*] You may well start—Go, get out of my Sight.

D U K E.

Sir—I have not the Honour to be known to you, but I have the honour to serve his Grace the Duke of—

L O V E L.

And the Impudence familiarly to assume his Title—Your Grace will give me leave to tell you, “That is the Door”—And if you ever enter there again, I assure you, my Lord Duke, I will break every Bone in your Grace’s Skin—Begone—I beg their Ladyship’s Pardon, perhaps they cannot go without Chairs—Ha, ha, ha!

F R E E M A N.

Ha, ha, ha! [*Sir Harry steals off.*]

D U K E.

Low-bred Fellows! [*Exit.*]

Lady C H A R L O T T E.

I thought how this Visit would turn out. [*Exit.*]

Lady B A B.

They are downright *Hottenpots*. [*Exit.*]

P H I L I P and K I T T Y.

I hope your Honour will not take away our Bread.

L O V E L.

LOVEL.

"Five Hundred Pounds will set you up in a Chocolate House——You'll shine in the Bar, Madam"—I have been an Eye-witness of your Roguery, Extravagance, and Ingratitude.

PHILIP and KITTY.

Oh, Sir——Good Sir!

LOVEL.

You, Madam, may stay here till To-morrow Morning——And there, Madam, is the Book you lent me, which I beg you'll read "Night and Morning before you say your Prayers."

KITTY.

I am ruin'd and undone.

[Exit.

LOVEL.

But you, Sir, for your Villainy, and (what I hate worse) your Hypocrisy, shall not stay a Minute longer in this House; and here comes an honest Man to shew you the Way out—Your Keys, Sir.——

[Philip gives the Keys.

Enter TOM.

Tom, I respect and value you——You are an honest Servant, and shall never want Encouragement——Be so good, Tom, as to see that Gentleman out of my House [Points to Philip]——and then take Charge of the Cellar and Plate.

TOM.

I thank your Honour; but I would not rise on the Ruin of a Fellow-servant.

LOVEL.

No Remonstrances, Tom; it shall be as I say.—

PHILIP.

What a cursed Fool have I been?

[Exeunt Servants.

LOVEL.

LOVEL.

Well, *Charles*, I must thank you for my Frolick
—It has been a wholesome one to me——Have I
done right?

FREEMAN.

Entirely——No Judge could have determin'd
better——As you punish'd the Bad, it was but
Justice to reward the Good.——

LOVEL.

A faithful Servant is a worthy Character.

FREEMAN.

And can never receive too much Encouragement,

LOVEL.

Right.

FREEMAN.

You have made *Tom* very happy.

LOVEL.

And I intend to make your *Robert* so too——
Every honest Servant should be made happy.

FREEMAN.

But what an insufferable Piece of Assurance is it
in some of these Fellows to affect and imitate their
Master's Manners?

LOVEL.

What Manners must those be, which they can
imitate?

FREEMAN.

True.

LOVEL.

If Persons of Rank would act up to their
Standard, it would be impossible that their Servants
could ape them——But when they affect every Thing
that is ridiculous, it will be in the Power of any low
Creature to follow their Example.

THE END.

Advertisement.

THE Author of this Piece, who is neither Mr. *Garrick* nor Mr. *Newbery*, begs Leave to observe, that the large Body of Men, who have been offended at the Performance, are by no Means the principal Persons censured in it. They are made the Instruments of conveying the Satire, and therefore it is not unnatural for them to mistake the Object of it. Proper Justice has been done to their real Merit, by the same Author, in an Apology for them, published in a Six-penny Pamphlet, printed for Mr. *Newbery*, under the Name of *Oliver Grey*; where their Cause is vindicated, and the Character of those Persons set forth, who, tho' placed in a superior Station of Life, by acting improperly in it, afford much juster Matter for Censure and Ridicule.

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